

A
P O E M
ON THE
D E A T H

OF HIS
H I G H N E S S
THE
Duke of Gloucester.

Written by a Gentleman in New-England.



L O N D O N;

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The Publisher to the READER.

Some Months had passed before the News of his Highness the late Duke of Gloucester's Death had reached to New-England; 'twas some Weeks after that before the Author of this Poem had resolv'd to try his hand at Verse, this being his first Essay in Poetry, and it requir'd a considerable time to send it to his Friend in Old England; where the Curious may now be satisfy'd as to what sort of Poetry New England affords: I suppose 'tis none of the best.

On the Death of his Highness the Duke of
G L O U C E S T E R.

WITH the sad Tydings of the Day oppress'd,
 I laid me down to seek Relief from Rest;
 When lo! *Britannia's* GENIUS wrapt in Night;
 But op'ning wide the Intellectual Sight,
 Before me stood, and with a dismal Mien
 Renew'd my Grief, and gave me back to Spleen:
 His weighty Sorrows I cou'd well divine,
 Sprung from the same too cruel Cause with mine.
 Old *England's* WEAL was his peculiar Care,
 And mine the fatal Loss of *England's* HEIR.
 But having now the opportunity
 To know the secret Counsels of the Sky,
 Led on by Princely Love and Loyal Fear,
 Thus to the GENIUS I address my Prayer.
 Great Guardian Angel of this happy *Isle*,
 On which till now the Gods did ever smile,
 Instruct me in the Mystery of Fate
 That thus perplexes and disjoins the State.
 Since all the Kingly Race our *Annals* shew
 Have had a Royal Issue still in view,
 How comes it now (by a severe Decree)
 That Blessing's wanting for Posterity?
 Long on the Throne may Glorious *WILLIAM* shine;
 But *GLOUCESTER's* gone! — the *Promise* of the Line!
 I spoke, and thus the Gracious *Form* reply'd,
 From you I'll not the Gods Intentions hide.
 Things Sacred heretofore, are now profan'd;
 Monarchs of old for Publick Good ordain'd,
 In Lawless Rage and Lust of Pow'r have reign'd.
Levis contemns Divine and Human Laws,
 And on himself his Peoples Curses draws;
 Voids his own Compacts, and with raging Might,
 By wilful Sway invades the Subjects RIGHT:
 Tyrant o'er Souls! he wou'd usurp the Throne
 Of CONSCIENCE, sacred to the Gods alone;
 While by his impious Rage expell'd from home,
 Distrest, from Pole to Pole his Vassals roam.
 The strong Contagion of this *Gallick* Pest
 Invades the Northern Air; and *Denmark*, blest
 With King-restraining Rights of antient Date,
 Shares with her Sister *France* an equal Fate.
 From hence Great *Ericson* attempts in vain
 The LIBERTIES of *Sweden* to maintain!

And *James*, by the same ill Example led,
 Thro furious Zeal his Kingdoms forfeited:
 Cease then to wonder that a Pious Prince,
 The Darling, and the Care of Providence,
 Just lent us for the Vision of a Day,
 From wide Infection shou'd be snatcht away!
 The Weight of Empire, and the Cares of State
 Shou'd not depend upon a single Fate.
 For tho in Antient Story we may find
 How some few Neighbouring Families combin'd
 To chuse a Chief, by whose Paternal Care
 They might be govern'd both in Peace and War;
 Yet since the Scene is alter'd, and of late
 Whole Nations join'd make but one Common State,
 What finite Person can sustain the Load,
 Alone sufficient for the common Good?
 Thus when the scatter'd Swains of *Alban* Race,
 For publick Safety sought the Sacred Place
 Which the *Twin-Brothers* piously design'd
 The Seat of Empire (shou'd the Gods be kind);
 One Chief was thought sufficient to command
 Their new-born Empire, and small Tract of Land:
 But when th' Auspicious Arms of rising *Rome*
 Inlarg'd her Sway to Regions far from Home,
 Her Discipline soon alter'd with her Fate;
 Her Lords grew many, as her Empire great.
 And since the Gods with Pleasure have survey'd
Albion's Increase in People, Pow'r and Trade;
 And that *Ierne's* rich and fruitful Soil
 Pays yearly Tribute to our *British Isle*;
 That she extends her Propagated Sway,
 And either *Indies* her Commands obey:
 Since none but Mighty *WILLIAM's* Awful Hand
 The Reins of Pow'r so justly can command,
 No more lament your Prince's early Fate,
 To Heav'nly Glory took from Earthly State;
 He loses Life, but is of that secure
 That louder Sounds and longer will endure,
 A faultless Name! when more the Fates deny,
 The second Lot is happily to die.
 Then happy He! who from the Task retires
 Which all that *NASSAW* can perform, requires.
 And as the *Attick* Realm of old decreed
 No Prince the Godlike *Codrus* shou'd succeed;
 Striving to build, by that new way to Fame,
 Their last and best of Kings a Deathless Name:
 So may the grateful Tribes of *Britain's* Race
 This *HANDLE*, offer'd by the Gods, embrace;
 And by their last Effort of Loyalty,
 Th' *Athenians* Honour to their King decree.